



Worth It?



psychological

👁 333 ✓ 42 ★ 37

Chapter 1 by Strawberrychan17

I was always in the wrong place at the wrong time. The I.V. that was buried into my forearm was the grave reminder that I couldn't afford to die just as much as I couldn't afford to live. Each and every passing drip telling me I was lucky- or that it could've been me instead of him. We shouldn't have gone cliff diving at three in the morning- I knew that much- and the painkillers were going to do little to tell me otherwise. Even better was the half hearted lectures and scoldings that were sent my way whenever someone would make their entrance from behind the dull blue hospital curtains. Finally, I was moved to my own room, away from everyone else. The lights were turned off and the noise started to die away.

It hurt to close my eyes- his face lit up and smiled back at me once more. Distant city lights setting the dark waters aglow below us. His eyes that danced as much as the waves right before he jumped. A voice repeating over and over again; "One last time- I swear, we'll be fine.". Then- it wasn't fine.

I shouldn't have let him jump anymore- he had always been an expert at masking his exhaustion. But being caught up in the excitement had overwhelmed my common sense. The scariest part hadn't been realizing he wasn't going to resurface- no, it was the dive I made after him. It was

when I felt how cold he was and when he wouldn't wake up. It was the trickles of blood from my forehead that landed on his pale

The screaming sirens of the ambulance had faded down on me like my fear had as they made me lie down on a stretcher. I couldn't see him anywhere. I couldn't find him at all.

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Chapter 2 by Laura Frost

The doctors come in and out, each with a different batch of medical jargon I don't understand. All I know is that I am very, very messed up on the inside and I'm not getting out of this place anytime soon.

My parents visit me.

They never liked him. They never liked how wild he was, how free. How alive.

Alive.

It's funny, almost. The reasons they hated him are some of the reasons I loved him. I could stop being the perfect daughter. Perfect student. Perfect girl.

With him, I could mess up. I could try new things without being judged. I could live, truly live for the first time.

There is pain in my chest, and it's not from the pneumonia. Part of it is the loss. The emptiness I feel without him by my side. It is worse than anything I have ever felt before. But it is only part of the pain.

I was only ever free with him.

I could only ever be myself, find myself with him.

I don't know who I am without him. I don't know how to be anything else than that perfect girl without him. No part of me wants to go back to that, but I'm not sure who else I can be.

How can I think about anything but his death. How can I think about anyone besides him.

With that thought, I start to hate myself.

I don't know who I am.

I don't know who I am.

I don't know who I am.

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Chapter 3 by Jessica A Smith



I don't know who I am.

The words blend together, lulling me toward much needed sleep like a twisted lullaby.

The sky is blue. Not dull blue like the hospital curtains. No. A brighter and happier blue that shines light all around.

And there he is, leaning against his old pick-up truck, a sly smile across his face.

I'm frozen for only a moment before my feet begin flying. It's him. It's really him. He opens his arms and I melt into him, sobbing and laughing until I could calm myself enough to speak.

"How are you here?" I say and it doesn't hurt to speak. My chest feels light and I begin running my hand over his chest, savoring the warmth of it as it rises and fall. We are so healthy - we're ourselves again.

He stares back, the smile turning into confusion. He raises one eyebrow at me.

"I drove the truck," he says with a laugh.

The rich sound of his voice, a sound I knew I'd never hear again fills me with warmth and I press my head into his chest and I don't care what the words are, I just need to hear him speak, feel him warm and breathing.

"So-hey-I was thinking we could drive down to the beach before your folks get home."

He opens the truck door for me and I climb in and almost automatically my feet find their way up onto the dashboard. This is my routine. This is where I belong. He revs the engine and drive with one hand and one knee, and moves to hold my hand with the other. I feel so safe, so secure.

This is exactly what I need.

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"It's really you," I whisper, my hands shaking up and down.

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He gives another nervous laugh. "Yeah, of course. Oh, you're kinda freaking me out right now, you know."

"Sorry," I reply quickly.

I don't dare say more. I don't know how this is happening or by what miracle he is here but he is and I know it's real and I can't question it or it might all disappear.

It's not long before the deep blue ocean spans before us and we're walking arm and arm along the sand. This part of the beach is rocky, so not many people come here. Today we are completely alone.

"What do you want to do?" He asks.

"Anything with you," I squeeze into his arm.

He points up towards a rocky summit, "Hey - Let's go cliff diving."

"No!" I scream, pulling him, almost tripping us both. My heartbeat throbs in my ears and my pulse is racing.

"Woah, sorry. What's wrong? You're always nervous and then you love it."

I shake my head, unable to move or speak, stunned by fear.

"Come on. Just one time - I swear we'll be fine."

I scream.

I wake up terrified, soaked in cold sweat, my face wet with tears. I hear people talking. It's my parents, and a few other voices too.

I catch a few words

nightmare, traumatic, stress, dis See more of Story Wars

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I sit up from my bed and d curtains to the shock of my parents and doctors. I must look insane, soaking wet and pale, and but I don't care, I want

answers. My voice is raspy and weak, but demanding all the same.

"Where is he?"

Chapter 4 by Laura Frost



"Who are you talking about, darling?" I can see the panic, the lies she's preparing, in my mother's eyes.

"Zane. Where is he."

Nobody moves. Nobody speaks.

"WHERE IS HE!!!!"

A doctor, dark skinned and tall, takes a step towards me. "You need to calm down, ma'am."

"LET ME SEE HIM! I NEED TO SEE HIM!"

Somebody's arms wrap around me. I struggle, but it's pointless. A needle pricks my arm, and I feel myself grow sleepy, and my muscles start to relax.

My parents come close, supporting my limp body. "Don't worry dear, you don't have to think about him anymore. He can't hurt you. You don't have to do anything reckless, or be anyone but our perfect daughter."

Hurt me?

He never hurt me. He was so scared of doing that. It was his only fear. He always asked if I was okay, if I needed to go back, if whatever crazy stunt, or concert, or anything was too much.

I always pushed forward. I always got over my fear when Zane was by my side.

It's funny. Almost. I can feel hands tucking me into the hospital bed. Funny. that my parents

don't know me. Funny that they believe that they do.

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Why won't the let me see him? How much he loves me? How much he loves me, and how much I love him?

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Loved.

Past tense.

Zane is dead, I am alive, and nobody in the world can understand me, because the only person who ever did is gone.

Chapter 5 by Magic for the Damned



Darkness.

That's all I feel, swirling around and around in a pool of chaos. One moment I feel safe, the next, cold, and then, the next.

I simply do not feel.

I remember them saying something about "hysteria". "PTSD", they called it.

Then they gave me treatments. Oh, so many drugs. I lost count by the third one, and then, I couldn't think.

I woke to a gloomy room, my eye-lids sliding open against their will. No, I don't want to see this cruel world. Why am I still alive?

I struggle to push myself up. My arms barely twitch at the effort.

"Darling?" A familiar voice pierced through the silence like a blade. "Are you awake?"

"Z-zane?" I croaked, wind rushing out of my dusty throat. I swallowed.

"Don't worry, Angel." I recognized the voice as my father's. "He'll never touch you again."

Tears threaten to fall from my eyes again as I remember that he is gone, gone beyond anything I can ever do to fix.

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"Dead."

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"Dead?" Confusion stained my father's voice. "He's not dead. In fact, he's right next door, dying to see you."

Chapter 6 by Gia



Snapping out of the drug induced blur was like snapping out of my nightmare-a cold sweat covered my entire body again. "A-alive?" I croaked.

"Alive. But your mother and I have talked with the doctors and psychologists and decided it's best for you not to see him."

I looked down at my torso lying in the hospital bed. My brain wasn't sure what to do with the overload of information that was coming in. "B-but...I'll be able to see him...w-when I'm better."

My father sighed and took a step towards me. He reached out and put a comforting hand on my shoulder. "Darling, it's for the best that you don't see him at all. He's dangerous, a bad influence. You wouldn't still be here if it weren't for him he's a threat he's not a healthy...."

His words all blurred together before I blacked out.

Chapter 7 by jaiiy



Rash desicions.

Bad desicions.

But I had made up my mind. Maybe it was the drugs, or something else they put in me. But for some reason, in that moment, I recognized what I truly was. I wasn't put into the world to be that *perfect* daughter, the one who lived in a cage, who had been kept captive. I was going to visit back home, of course, but for now, destiny awaited me.

I broke down the door.

And now

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Chapter 8 by Marah Jacoby



The place in my arm where
I was nauseous from all the drugs the doctors had given me, but I kept running. I ran straight to Zane's room. As much as I would have loved to give him a warm welcoming, We didn't have

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time.

I grabbed his wrist and told him to run with me. I could tell he was still groggy too from all the drugs that he'd been given, he was also more bruised up than I was. I could tell it was hurting him to be running this much. I hated to see him in so much pain.

We passed so many rooms, the world felt like it was in fast motion. But we never stopped running, hand in hand.

We made it down to the lobby, finally.

The nurse at the front tried to stop us from exiting out the door but we managed to slip out just in time.

We kept running for a while, down streets turning left and then right.

I don't think either one of us knew where we were, but we weren't all that concerned. We stopped running after a while, I could tell Zane was in pain. Both of our meds were starting to wear off.

We stopped in an alley. Zane had managed to grab some of his clothes, I was still wearing a ridiculous looking hospital gown.

Zane and I stayed silent for a few minutes catching our breath. He looked up at me and smiled. It was the kind of smile that had sadness in it. He kept saying he was so sorry he let this happen. I reassured him it wasn't his fault.

All that mattered was that we were together again with no one to hold us back.

It felt amazing to be in his arms again. I was so worried I would never get to hug him again, or see him warm smile.

Zane stopped at a gas station close by to find out where we were. He recognized some of the places around us. He called up an old friend who lived nearby and asked to stay with them until we figured out what we were going to do.

His friends girlfriend was nice and let me borrow some of her clothes.

They gave us a bed to sleep on and some food. food never tasted so good. being in the hospital with tons of meds being pumped through your veins makes you not hungry. So when we finally got to eat it was amazing.

Zane and I didn't have a plan but when we laid down that night, with his arm around me I knew everything was going to be okay.

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